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STARRING DR. TOM ROGERS, PRISON PSYCHIATRIST

THE CRIME CLINIC

10¢

No. 5
SUMMER



NO SECOND CHANCE

Doomed By My Convict Past

**THE LADY
KILLER**

*The Nightmare Killing
That Wasn't*



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THE CRIME CLINIC

Starring DR. TOM ROGERS

in
"NO SECOND
CHANCE"

A CHAMPION FOR GOOD IS NEVER WITHOUT AN ANTAGONIST, AND DR. TOM ROGERS, BRILLIANT PRISON PSYCHIATRIST, HAS HIS IN THE PERSON OF THE RUTHLESS, POWER-SEEKING NEWSPAPER PUBLISHER, EDGAR JAY ADAMS. OUTWITTED BY ROGERS IN THE PAST, ADAMS RENEWS HIS FURIOUS, REVENGEFUL ATTACK THROUGH A PAROLED CONVICT WHO WAS FACED WITH... "NO SECOND CHANCE!"



OUR STORY OPENS IN DR. ROGERS' OFFICE AT BLAKELY PENITENTIARY. CONVICT STUART MANLY ENTERS...

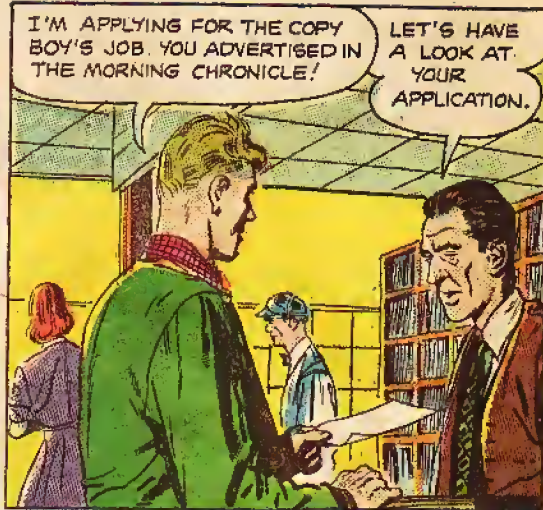


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THREE WEEKS LATER, IN THE EMPLOYMENT OFFICE OF THE DAILY CHRONICLE-- ONE OF THE MANY NEWSPAPERS OWNED BY PUBLISHER EDGAR JAY ADAMS...

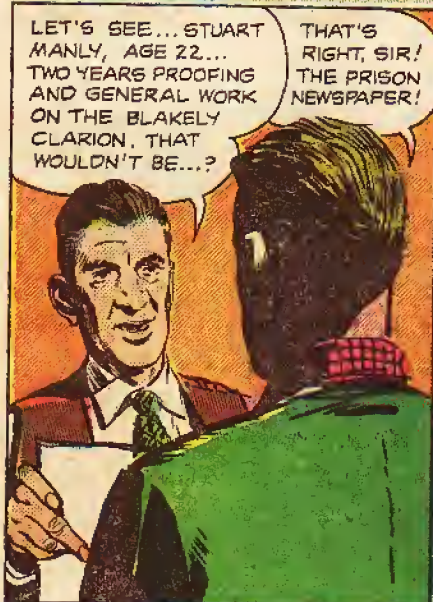


I SURE HOPE I CAN LAND THIS JOB! THE CHRONICLE IS ONE OF THE BIGGEST PAPERS IN THE COUNTRY.



I'M APPLYING FOR THE COPY BOY'S JOB. YOU ADVERTISED IN THE MORNING CHRONICLE!

LET'S HAVE A LOOK AT YOUR APPLICATION.



LET'S SEE... STUART MANLY, AGE 22... TWO YEARS PROOFING AND GENERAL WORK ON THE BLAKELY CLARION, THAT WOULDN'T BE...?

THAT'S RIGHT, SIR! THE PRISON NEWSPAPER!



BUT THAT'S ALL PAST! ALL I'M ASKING IS FOR A CHANCE TO PROVE MYSELF!

WE'LL BE GLAD TO KEEP YOUR APPLICATION ON FILE, MR. MANLY! IF SOMETHING TURNS UP...



WHO ARE YOU KIDDING? YOU'RE BRUSHING ME OFF BECAUSE OF MY RECORD!

L-LET GO OF ME! LET GO OR I'LL CALL THE POLICE!



I'M GOING, BUSTER, AND I'LL TAKE MY APPLICATION WITH ME! IT'LL SAVE YOU THE TROUBLE OF "FILING" IT IN THE ASHCAN!



THAT NIGHT...

HEY! WHAT THE...?

GET 'EM UP FAST, MISTER! REAL FAST!



I-I'LL GIVE YOU ALL THE MONEY I HAVE! ONLY D-DON'T SHOOT!

ALL I WANT IS TEN BUCKS FOR A MEAL AND A ROOM! YOU CAN KEEP THE REST!

SIX DAYS LATER...

HAND IT
OVER OR THIS
ROD'LL
GO OFF!



THE FOLLOWING MORNING, IN THE PRIVATE
OFFICE OF EDGAR JAY ADAMS...

BREMER, I'VE JUST CHECKED THE
REPORTS FROM THE PAROLE BOARD!
IT SEEMS A STUART MANLY, LATE
OF BLAKELY, HASN'T REPORTED
TO HIS PAROLE OFFICER! HMM!
AND ON THE DAY MANLY WAS
RELEASED, THIS SERIES
OF HOLD-UPS BEGAN!

IT MAY BE A
COINCIDENCE,
SIR!



POPPYCOCK! I'M POSITIVE IT'S
THE SAME MAN! AND IF IT
ISN'T, WELL, WE'VE HAD LIBEL
SUITS BEFORE! TONIGHT'S
EDITION WILL CARRY A REWARD
OF \$5,000 FOR THE CAPTURE
OF THE YOUNG
GUNMAN! I'LL
WRITE THE STORY
MYSELF!

Y-YES,
MR.
ADAMS.



THAT EVENING...

\$5,000 DOLLAR
REWARD FOR THE
CAPTURE OF GUNMAN

IT IS ASSUMED THAT
STUART MANLY IS
THE CULPRIT



DR. ROGERS,
WE'VE PAROLED
ONLY ONE MAN
THIS PAST
MONTH AND
THAT WAS MANLY.
HOW CAN ADAMS
BE SURE IT
WAS HE?

HE MAY BE RIGHT
THIS TIME, WARDEN!
MANLY HASN'T
REPORTED TO HIS
PAROLE OFFICER...
ALSO THE WIT-
NESSES' DESCRIP-
TIONS FIT MANLY
PERFECTLY!



ADAMS IS
SET ON BREAKING
YOU, DOCTOR! BE
CAREFUL!

RIGHT NOW, ADAMS
DOESN'T CONCERN
ME, BUT STUART
MANLY DOES!



TWO HOURS LATER, IN A TENEMENT BUILDING ON THE
EAST SIDE OF TOWN...

I'M DR. ROGERS OF BLAKELY
PENITENTIARY, MISS WALKER.
OUR RECORDS SHOW THAT
YOU USED TO VISIT STUART
MANLY WHILE HE WAS
THERE. MAY WE TALK?

PLEASE GO AWAY!
I-I HAVEN'T SEEN
STUART SINCE HE
WAS RELEASED!







HE MUST HAVE SAID SOMETHING! IF YOU CARE ANYTHING AT ALL FOR THAT BOY, NOW IS THE TIME TO PROVE IT! EVERY SECOND COUNTS!

THERE WAS SOMETHING 'SOB' IN THAT PAPER ON THE TABLE. IT GOT HIM AWFUL MAD...



A BANQUET IN ADAMS' HONOR! SO THAT'S WHERE HE'S HEADED!

PROMINENT PUBLISHER TO BE VOTED OUTSTANDING CITIZEN



AND AT THE BANQUET HALL...

... IN CONCLUSION, GENTLEMEN, THE HONOR YOU HAVE SHOWERED UPON ME WILL NOT BE FORGOTTEN. AS IN THE PAST, FAIR PLAY AND EQUAL OPPORTUNITY TO ALL SHALL REMAIN THE GUIDING PRINCIPLES OF MY ORGANIZATION... THANK YOU!



KEEP YOUR HANDS OFF THAT PLAQUE, ADAMS! YOU DON'T DESERVE IT!

WHA--?



STAY IN YOUR SEATS AND HEAR THE REAL FACTS ABOUT EDGAR JAY ADAMS!



A WEEK AGO, HIS NEWSPAPER REFUSED ME A JOB BECAUSE I HAD A PRISON RECORD. HIS ORGANIZATION OF SO-CALLED EQUAL OPPORTUNITY KEPT ME FROM GOING STRAIGHT... AND TODAY HE GENEROUSLY OFFERS \$5,000 TO HAVE ME HUNTED DOWN!

WHY, YOU'RE THE GUNMAN WHO--



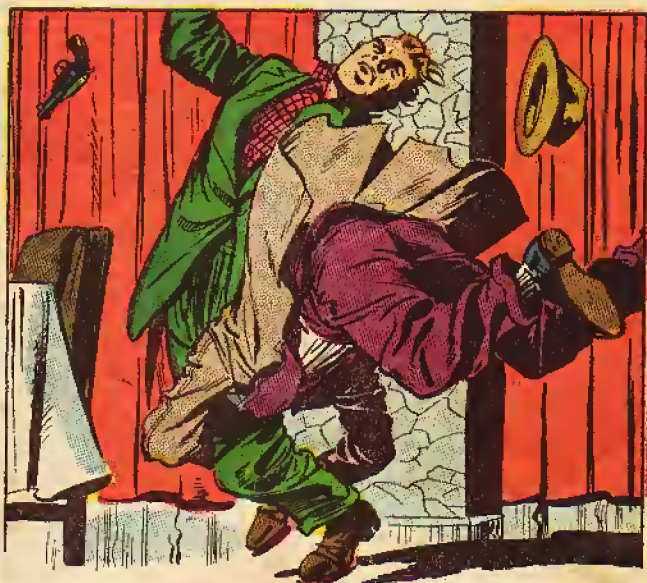
YES, ADAMS.. I'M THE GUNMAN! I'M IN A MESS UP TO MY EARS, AND YOU'RE RESPONSIBLE!

P- PLEASE DON'T SHOOT! I' LL GIVE YOU A JOB... MONEY.. ANYTHING!



MANLY! DON'T BE A FOOL!

ROGERS!



A MOMENT LATER, WITH MANLY IN CUSTODY...

YOUR HEROICS DON'T FOOL ME, ROGERS! YOU WERE BEHIND THIS PLOT AGAINST MY LIFE! YOU WANTED ME KILLED BECAUSE I EXPOSED YOU AS THE QUACK YOU REALLY ARE!

SAVE IT FOR YOUR EDITORIALS, ADAMS! I CAME HERE TO HELP THAT BOY-- NOT YOU!



YOUR INGRATITUDE IS SHOCKING! THIS MAN SAVED YOUR LIFE, MR. ADAMS! FURTHERMORE, THE BOY'S STORY DESERVES INVESTIGATION! WE MUST POSTPONE THIS CITIZENSHIP AWARD UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE!

WHA--? NO... YOU CAN'T!



THE FOLLOWING MORNING IN ROGERS' OFFICE...

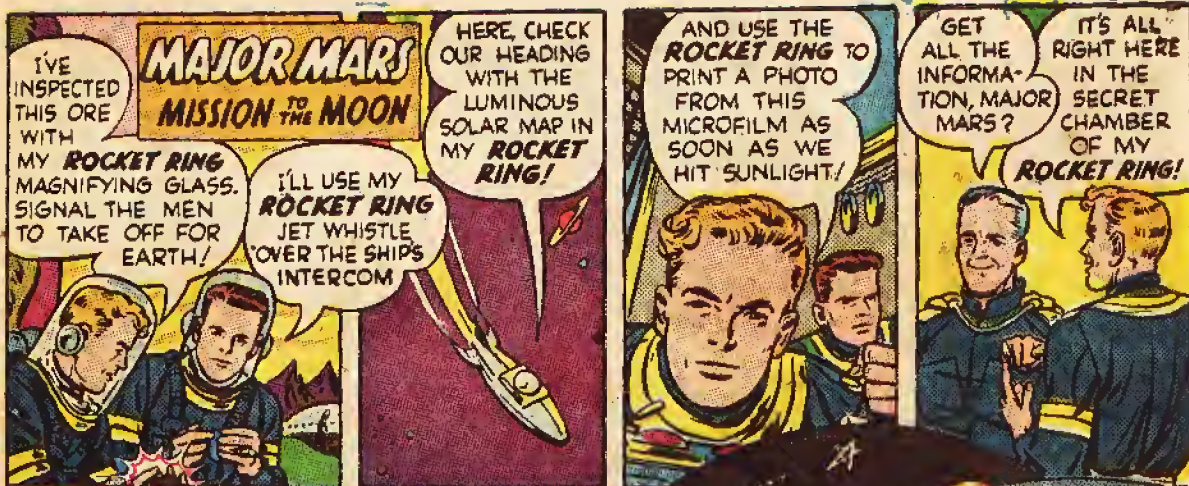
WELL, DR. ROGERS, YOU'VE REALLY SQUARED ACCOUNTS WITH ADAMS! THE OPPOSITION PRESS HAS EXPOSED HIS UNFAIR HIRING PRACTICES AND HOLDS HIM MORALLY GUILTY FOR MANLY'S RETURN TO PRISON!

IT'S STILL MANLY'S TRAGEDY, WARREN! BUT WHEN THE TIME IS RIGHT, I INTEND TO PUT HIM UP FOR PAROLE AGAIN! I'M CONFIDENT HE WILL MAKE GOOD!



THIS ISN'T THE END, DR. ROGERS! I'LL SETTLE THE SCORE WITH YOU YET, IF IT'S THE LAST THING I DO!





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Just send
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GIFT
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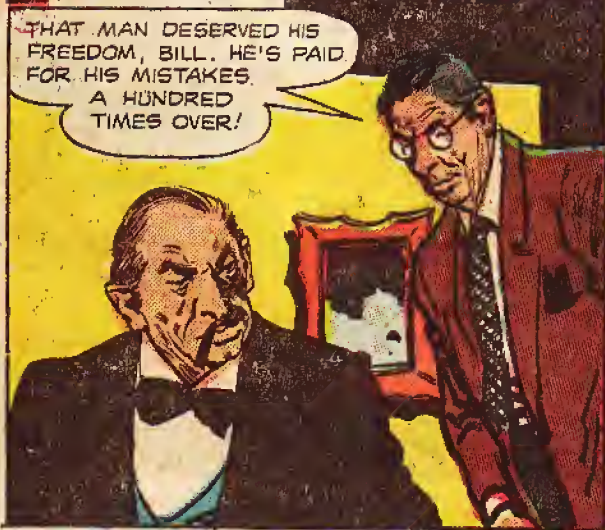
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ONE LAST HOPE

THERE IS BUT ONE LAST HOPE FOR THE MEN BEHIND BARS-- **PAROLE!** ALL THE LONGING FOR THE RETURN OF PRECIOUS FREEDOM HINGES UPON THE DECISION OF THE PAROLE BOARD! OUR SCENE IS A BOARD MEETING, AND PRISONER ROBERT CRANSHAW STANDS BEFORE BOARD CHAIRMAN WILLIAM JAYSON SYKES...



MINUTES LATER...





SECONDS LATER...



ON YOUR FEET, BUDDY! YOU'RE NO SLEEPING BEAUTY!



WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS?

COME ON-- LET'S GO!



RELEASE ME... IMMEDIATELY!

GET IN!

HALF-HOUR LATER, AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS...



WISE UP, JONES! CONFESS NOW, AND THEY'LL GO EASY ON YOU LATER!

MY NAME IS WILLIAM JAYSON SYKES! I WAS KNOCKED DOWN BY THE CRIMINAL YOU WERE AFTER, AND YOU'VE MISTAKEN ME FOR HIM!



NOW DON'T START *THAT* AGAIN! THIS GUN AND WALLET WERE THE ONLY THINGS ON YOU! THIS WALLET CARRIES THE NAME, BILL JONES, AND THE FINGER-PRINTS ON THE GUN ARE *YOURS!*

MINE? BUT I'VE NEVER CARRIED A GUN IN MY LIFE!



WELL, YOU DID TONIGHT! YOU NOT ONLY CARRIED IT, BUT YOU USED IT TO KILL ROSE KNIGHT! WE HAVE WITNESSES!

YOU'VE GOT THIS ALL WRONG! THESE THINGS WERE PLANTED ON ME! DON'T YOU SEE? I'M INNOCENT!



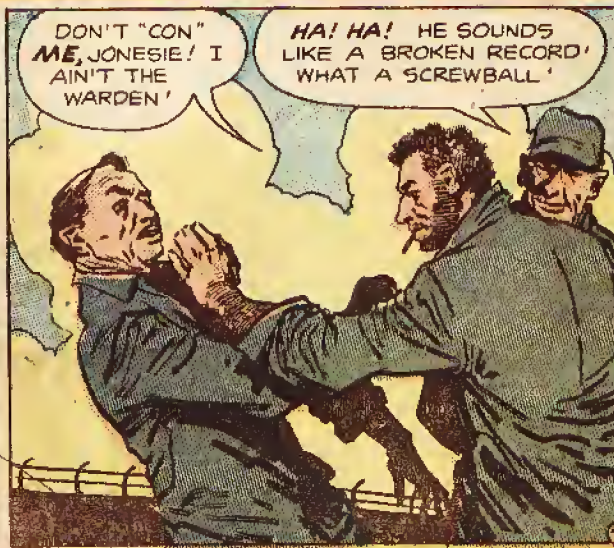
YEAH, NOW TRY IT ON THE JURY! TAKE HIM BACK, BOYS!

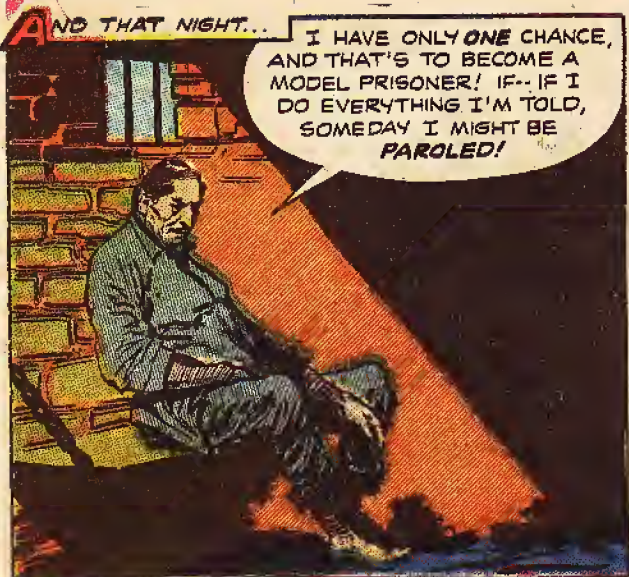
IT'S THE TRUTH, I TELL YOU! I *SWEAR* IT!

ONE MONTH LATER, WHEN THE TRIAL IS UNDER WAY, A GROUP OF WITNESSES STEPS FORWARD, AND...



SEVERAL WEEKS LATER AT GREYBAR PENITENTIARY...



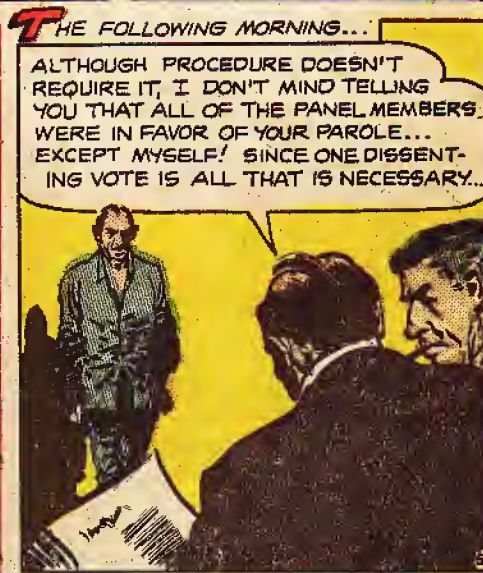


SLOWLY THE WEEKS TURN INTO MONTHS, THE MONTHS INTO YEARS... AND THROUGH IT ALL, WILLIAM SYKES WORKS PAIN-TAKINGLY AT HIS TASKS... NEVER ONCE FLINCHING AT THE ARDUOUS LABOR, THE INSUFFERABLE MONOTONY...



BUT HE CAN'T TURN ME DOWN! I'VE BEEN A MODEL PRISONER FOR SIX YEARS! THEY'VE EVEN MADE ME A TRUSTEE! I'VE **EARNED** A PAROLE!

SO DID A LOT OF THE OTHER GUYS.. BUT IT DON'T CUT NO ICE WITH HIM! WE SERVE THE WHOLE TIME HERE, RIGHT UP TO THE LAST SECOND!





AS WILLIAM SYKES COMES TO, HE BLINKS UNCERTAINLY AT THE SCENE ABOUT HIM...



ONE WEEK LATER, WHEN THE PAROLE CHAIRMAN, WILLIAM JAYSON SYKES, MEETS WITH OTHER MEMBERS OF HIS BOARD...



MINUTES LATER, THE PRISONER IS BROUGHT IN...



AND WHEN THE PRISONER LEAVES



A
★ TRUE ★
STORY

DOUBLE DOSE!

THE CRIMINAL ALWAYS LOSES

IT WAS after one when Lawrence Shaver got home, but his wife Mary was still up and waiting.

"About time!" she began. "And just where have you been?"

"I—I was out. Business!"

"You can't pull the wool over my eyes, Lawrence Shaver! You were at that Crescent Bar!"

"I tell you, Mary, it *was* business! There's a big deal cooking! Has to do with that trip I took last week!"

"Still telling the same lies! Why not admit it—anything to be away from the house . . . from me!"

"Mary . . . please!"

"But it was different *before* you married me! Oh, yes! Then there wasn't too much you could do for me . . . or was it for the *money* Dad left me?"

"Why not talk a little louder? Then the whole street can know!"

"It's no secret! Everyone knows that the way you treat me, I'd be better off dead!"

Lawrence jumped. Had she been reading his thoughts? No, it was just coincidence! Mary was always carrying on about being better off dead. Even now, as she wrapped her kimono around her thin, wizened body, she was still murmuring, "And now you've upset me so, even my medicine won't bring me any sleep! I might as well do away with myself now, and have it done with!"

And as he watched her go upstairs, the unspoken words flashed in his mind, "It won't be long now, Mary!" For Lawrence Shaver's plans were all made. With Mary out of the way, her money would automatically go to him. Forty thousand dollars. Not a fortune . . . but enough. Without Mary hanging around his neck like a millstone, he'd be a free man; forty thousand could buy him a mighty good time. Yes, they'd both be better off with Mary dead.

And he had it all figured. Down in the basement was a can of rat poison. She'd bought it herself, just a few weeks ago; out here on Lake Drive, everyone fought an unending battle with the water-rats. The poison, that medicine she took every night to help her sleep and her endless talk about suicide. With that much settled, the details would take care of themselves . . . when the time came!

And it came a few weeks later. Lawrence's boss at Croton Plumbing chose him to attend the next sales conference in Chicago. It was a routine busi-

ness trip; someone was always going to Chicago, 150 miles away. This time it was Lawrence's turn. If he was to be bright and chipper for the nine o'clock meeting, he'd have to set out the night before, and stay in a hotel. After all, driving four hours through traffic could tire any man.

Only it wasn't four hours to Chicago. With Lawrence's private short-cuts, with his special brand of murderous driving, he could cut that time to three-and-a-half hours. And that extra half-hour, fully covered by his alibi, should do the trick. It all fell into place as neatly as a jigsaw puzzle.

He planned the details carefully. The first was a fight the morning of his trip—one fight he intended the neighbors to hear.

"Driving to Chicago tonight, Mary!"

"Again?"

"Sales conference, you know!"

"Why must they always pick you?"

"They like me!" Carefully, he raised his voice. He knew from experience she'd go him one better. "You nag me all day to work like a dog and get a raise! Then, when the boss asks me to take on something extra—"

"Stop lying! I know you volunteered! Anything to get away from the house! You don't care about me, cooped up here all day, without a soul to talk to! I might as well be dead—and some day, I'll do it, too!"

For once he listened in pleasure. The couple next door couldn't possibly miss this. He could imagine their testimony now "Poor Mary! Always talking of doing away with herself! And they quarrelled that very morning! She seemed so depressed . . ."

Ten minutes later, Lawrence left for work. So far, so good.

The next step was that evening, at the Crescent Bar. He looked nervously at his watch and put down his drink.

"Better get going!"

"Where to?"

"Sales conference, in Chicago! Four-hour drive . . . and it's nine-thirty already!"

The bartender pulled out a huge watch. "I got twenty after!"

"Could be!" Silently, Lawrence corrected his watch. Twenty after nine. His alibi had begun. In four hours, he must be in Chicago . . . the job finished.

He parked his car two blocks away, and came home quietly on foot, via the back door. This was no time to be seen by the neighbors. When he finally entered the bedroom where Mary was reading, she was amazed.

"Just came to say good-bye, Mary!"

"Since when did *you* bother?"

He forced a smile. "Honestly, Mary, you've got me all wrong! Do you really think I *like* these trips . . . driving for hours sleeping in stuffy hotels! You know I'd rather stay home with you!"

She looked at him suspiciously; then, in spite of herself, smiled back. "You *can* be sweet, Larry, when you want to!"

It was going fine. Carefully, he bent over and kissed her. "Now you just take it easy! Get a good night's rest!"

She sighed. "Oh, if only I could . . .!"

"Shall I mix your medicine?"

"You needn't bother, Larry!"

"No trouble at all!" He rose lazily. Those were the first true words he'd said all evening.

In the kitchen, his laziness gave way to a tense efficiency. This was *it*! The next ten minutes would make him a free man. Cautiously, he pulled down the shades. Everything had to go right.

Wearing a pair of gloves, he took down Mary's sleeping medicine. Luckily for him, its strong bitter taste would hide anything—even poison! Then he went down to the basement.

He read the label carefully. Effective ingredient, *arsenic*. Good. He needed something quick and potent. But—how much?

He inspected the innocent-looking powder. A mere pinch, they said, would kill a rat. Well, he wouldn't take any chances. Better to play it safe.

Recklessly, Lawrence shook a quarter-inch of the deadly powder into a glass. He added the medicine, filled the glass with water, and stirred it all with slow deliberation. Finally, stuffing his gloves into a pocket, he wrapped the deadly concoction in a towel and returned upstairs.

"Larry? You were gone such a long time!"

"Was I?" he asked absently, setting the glass on Mary's night-table. "I was extra careful! See—I even wrapped it in a towel! I *know* you hate rings on the furniture!"

"You *are* sweet, Larry!"

For once he agreed. Sure he was sweet—to himself. That towel would hide more than rings. It would hide fingerprints.

"You will drink it, won't you, Mary? I want you to get some rest!"

"Of course! I'll drink it right now!"

Spellbound, he watched her swallow the contents of the glass. Maybe her face was more wry than usual as she gulped the bitter brew—but that was all. Then he rushed away.

His knowledge of short cuts served him well. It

was still early when he checked into his Chicago hotel.

"What's the time?" he asked loudly, putting down his bag.

"Five after one!"

"Not bad! I started at twenty after nine!"

They interrupted him at six the next morning. "Mr. Shaver, there's a serious emergency back home! You'd better start back now—" So everything had worked out! He smiled all the way home. Better do his smiling now; once he got word of Mary's "suicide," he'd have to put on a pretty good show. As he rounded the corner to his house, he carefully straightened his features. A policeman rushed to meet him at the car.

"Mr. Shaver . . . something serious has happened—"

"What is it? Where's Mary?" Lawrence hoped his voice sounded anxious enough.

"In the hospital! Last night she attempted suicide!"

"*Attempted!*" The horror in Lawrence's voice was suddenly real!

"I know it's a shock! Fortunately, she's expected to *recover!*"

Attempted . . . recover! The blood drained from Lawrence's face. But the cop, seeing nothing unnatural, went on. "If you'd like to see her . . ."

"Yes . . . of course . . .!" He started his car. His head spun wildly. Mary *had* to die! Nothing could have gone wrong . . . he'd planned it all so carefully!

Too carefully. Ten minutes later, the hospital doctor was explaining.

"Your wife was very anxious to die . . . and that's what saved her! You see, arsenic is very deadly . . . in the right quantity! But if an *overdose* is taken, the stomach protests before the poison can enter the blood stream and do its damage! The victim will have a wretched stomach-ache, of course . . . but the poison will be thrown up before it can take effect! The arsenic Mrs. Shaver took would kill ten men easily . . . but not *one*! That's why she's alive now! You're a lucky man, Mr. Shaver."

Lucky . . .! If only they knew the truth . . .!

Two hours later, when Mary could speak, she denied any suicide attempts; the very absence of fingerprints on the poison supported her story. Then, when the police found Lawrence's tire marks in the muddy short-cuts he'd taken, it was the end.

Well, Shaver wanted to get rid of his wife. He did. When he started his sentence for attempted murder she divorced him. Of course, her fortune remained with her. Shaver wouldn't be needing it—for twenty years!

THE END



MEET

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YOU DON'T RISK A PENNY TO TRY IT!

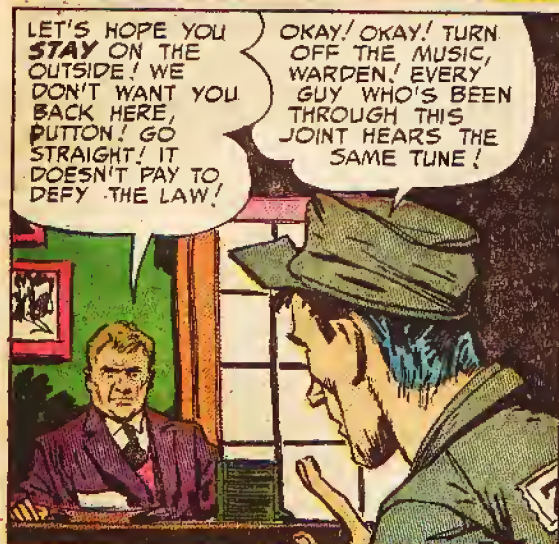
Make us prove it! Send for the Sterling Razor today. When it arrives use it on your own beard for 30 days. If, after that time, you don't agree that the Sterling is the shaving value of all time, return it for immediate refund. If you keep it, you're protected by a written 1 year guarantee against

mechanical defects! Rush your order. Quantities are limited. Send only \$1.00 with order. Pay postman \$3.95 plus 70c postage on delivery. Or send \$4.95 with order and we ship postage paid! **LADIES—NOTE**—the Sterling shaves underarms, legs, smooth and fast... no stubble.

MODERN MERCHANDISE CO., 169 W. Madison St., Dept. 00, Chicago 2, Ill.

The TWO-BIT HIERLOOM

"THE ICEMAN" DUTTON WAS APTLY NICKNAMED, FOR JAKE WAS THE SLICKEST BIG-TIME JEWEL THIEF IN THE EAST. OUR SCENE IS THE STATE PENITENTIARY. JAKE STANDS BEFORE THE WARDEN, WHO HAS SOME GOOD NEWS...





SO LONG, JAKE!
BE SEEING
YOU!

THAT'S WHAT
YOU THINK,
WISE GUY!



YEAH, I'LL GO STRAIGHT!
BUT WHEN I GO STRAIGHT
I'LL GO STRAIGHT **BIG!**
AND THAT MEANS I'M
GONNA NEED LOTSA
DOUGH!



FIRST I GOTTA FIND A
DECENT PLACE TO
LIVE! THEN I'LL
CONTACT —

WHY DON'TCHA
LOOK WHERE
YA GOIN', YA
CLUMSY — **HEY!**

OOPS!



IF IT AIN'T MY OLD PAL
JAKE, "THE ICEMAN,"
I DIDN'T KNOW
YOU WAS OUT OF
STIR, JAKE! WHEN'D
THEY SPRING YA?

JUST GOT OUT THIS
MORNIN', LOUIE!
SERVED MY TIME!
WHAT'RE **YOU**
DOING HERE?



BEEN ON
THE LAM!
HEAT'S OFF
NOW! JUST
GETTIN' BACK!
"MARBLES"
SENT FOR
ME!

MARBLES,
EH? MUST
BE SOME-
THIN'
BIG!



LATER IN DUTTON'S HOTEL
ROOM...

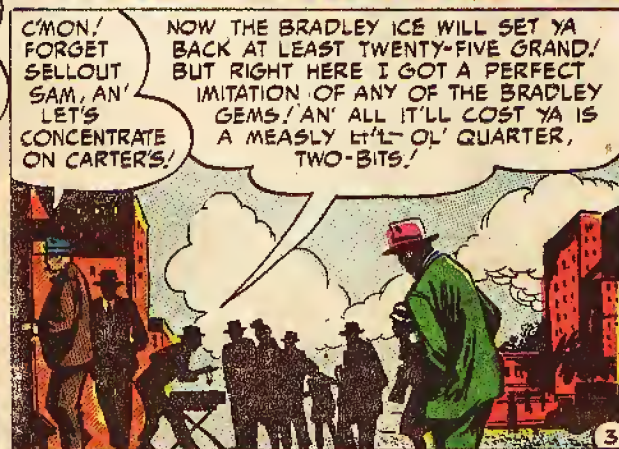
SAY, LOUIE,
DO YA
THINK THERE'S
SOMETHIN'
IN THIS JOB
FOR ME?

DUNNO, JAKE!
LEMMIE CALL
MARBLES
AN' SEE!



MARBLES IS CONTACTED, AND...

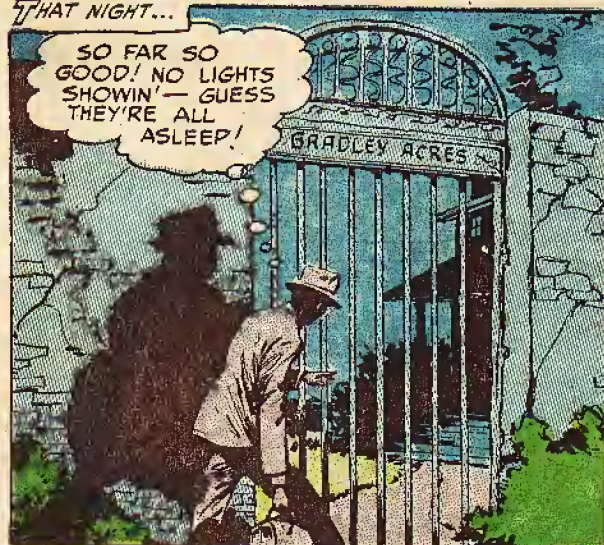
GOOD T'HAVE YA BACK,
JAKE — WE SURE CAN
USE YA! OKAY, BOYS,
LISTEN! CAREFUL LIKE...
THIS IS ONE BIG JOB!



AFTER CASING CARTER'S, JAKE DUTTON RETURNS TO HIS ROOM...



THAT NIGHT...





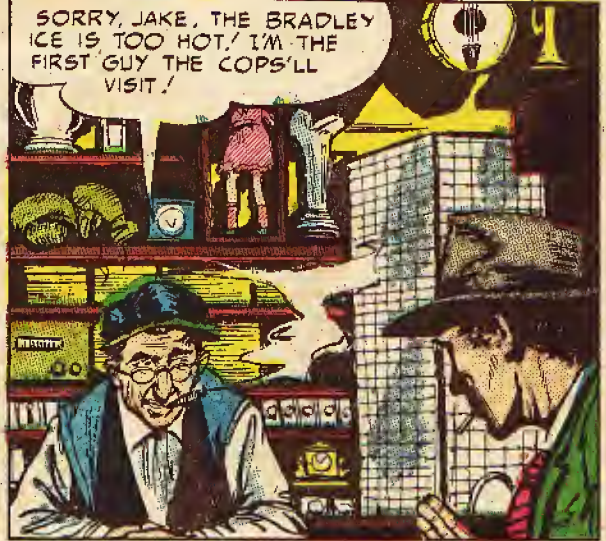
MEANWHILE, JAKE VISITS A FENCE, AND...

THE NEXT MORNING IN THE POLICE COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE...

THIS BRADLEY THEFT IS A DISGRACE! I WANT YOU TO PICK UP JAKE THE ICEMAN IMMEDIATELY! IT LOOKS LIKE HIS WORK! AND WHILE YOU'RE AT IT, I WANT THE STREETS CLEARED OF ALL PEDDLERS AND BUMS!



SORRY, JAKE, THE BRADLEY ICE IS TOO HOT! I'M THE FIRST GUY THE COPS'LL VISIT!



SOME TIME LATER, JAKE FINDS HIMSELF IN FRONT OF THE CARTER GALLERY...

OH-OH! HERE COMES A DICK! I'D BETTER DUCK INTO SELLOUT'S CROWD!



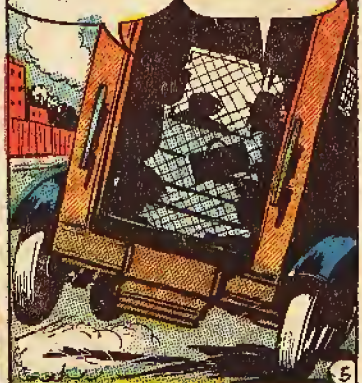
NICE FINDING YOU IN FRONT OF CARTER'S, JAKE! GOT TO TAKE YOU IN FOR QUESTIONING ON THE BRADLEY JOB!

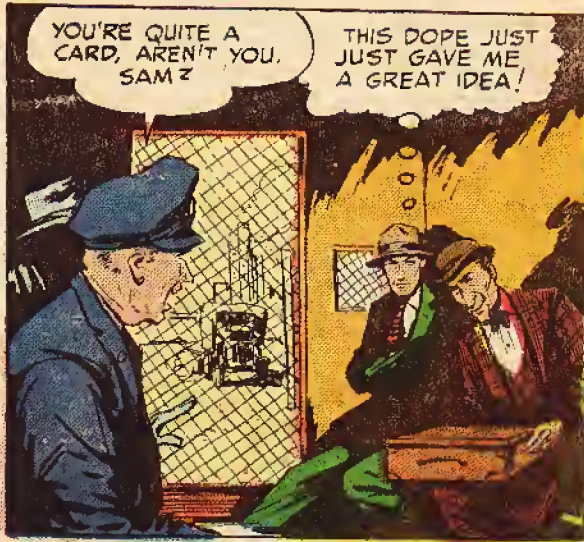
YOU, TOO, SAM! PEDDLING WITHOUT A LICENSE IS STILL AGAINST THE LAW!



YOU WOULDN'T BY ANY CHANCE HAVE THAT NECKLACE ON YOU RIGHT NOW, WOULD YOU, JAKE?

NAH! HE AIN'T GOT IT, RIGHT HERE IN MY LITTLE OLD SUITCASE!





YOU'RE QUITE A CARD, AREN'T YOU, SAM?

THIS DOPE JUST JUST GAVE ME A GREAT IDEA!



THEY CAN FRISK ME ALL THEY WANT, BUT THEY'LL NEVER FIGURE THAT **SAM'S** GOT IT!



NOTHING ON HIM, LIEUTENANT!

WHERE WERE YOU LAST NIGHT, JAKE?

AT THE MOVIES, COPPER! WANNA KNOW WHAT THE PICTURE WAS ABOUT?



WANT TO PAY YOUR DUES AGAIN, SAM?

SURE! A FIVE SPOT IS WORTH IT! I MAKE A GOOD CLEAN LIVING IN THE FRESH OUTDOORS!



DUTTON, I'M GLAD FOR YOUR SAKE YOU SEEM TO BE IN THE CLEAR! NOW I DON'T WANT TO SEE YOU BACK HERE!

AS SOON AS JAKE AND SAM ARE RELEASED...



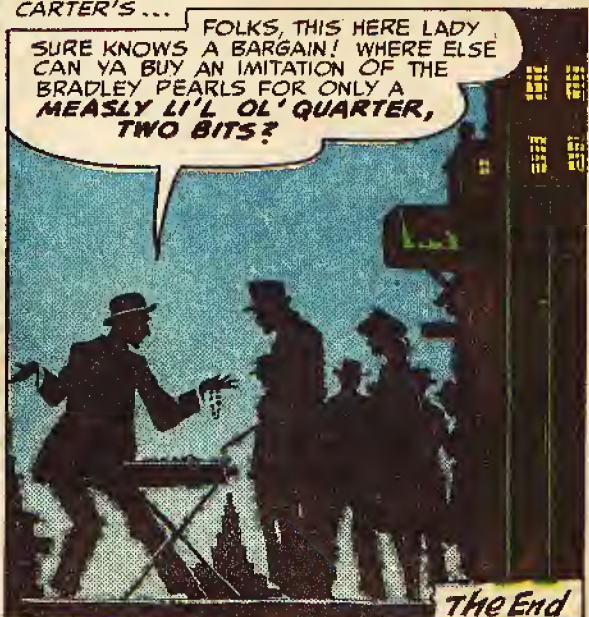
GOT TO GET HOLD OF THAT SUITCASE!

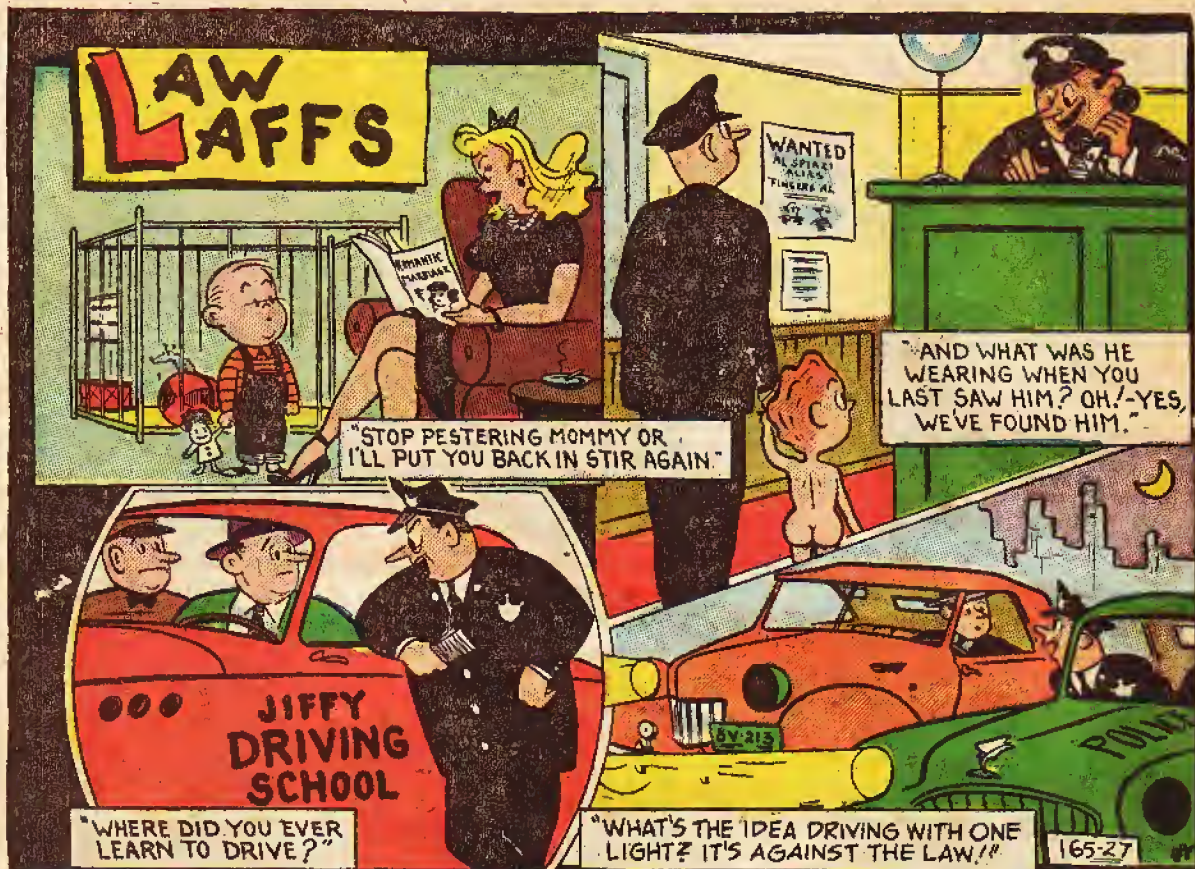


HE'S GONNA PICK UP SOME GOODS! MAYBE THIS IS MY CHANCE!



JAKE WENT BACK TO THE PENITENTIARY, AND SAM IS STILL AT HIS OLD SPOT IN FRONT OF CARTER'S...





HOW TO HYPNOTIZE

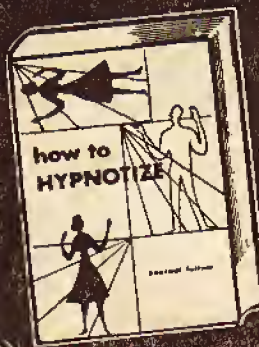
**IT'S EASY TO
HYPNOTIZE...**

when you know how!

Want the thrill of imposing your will over someone? Of making someone do exactly what you order? Try hypnotism! This amazing technique gives full personal satisfaction. You'll find it entertaining and gratifying. **HOW TO HYPNOTIZE** shows all you need to know. It is put so simply, anyone can follow it. And there are 24 revealing photographs for your guidance.

SEND NO MONEY

FREE ten days' examination of this system is offered to you if you send the coupon today. We will ship you our copy by return mail, in plain wrapper. If not delighted with results, return it in 10 days and your money will be refunded. Stravon Publishers, Dept. H313, 113 West 57th St., New York 19, N. Y.



Mail Coupon Today

STRAVON PUBLISHERS, Dept. H313
113 West 57th St., N. Y. 19, N. Y.

Send **HOW TO HYPNOTIZE** in plain wrapper.

☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay postman \$1.98 plus postage.

☐ I enclose \$1.98. Send postpaid.

If not delighted, I may return it in 10 days and get my money back.

Name

Address

City Zone State

Canada & Foreign—\$2.50 with order

THE CRIME CLINIC

Starring DR. TOM ROGERS
in "The Lady Killer"



DR. TOM ROGERS?

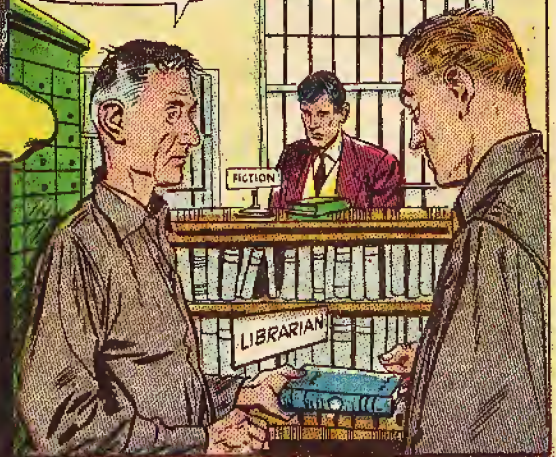
MEN KILL FOR MANY REASONS, REASONS AS COMPLEX AS THE HUMAN HEART ITSELF! FOR EXAMPLE, THERE WAS HARVEY SHEPPARD, A GENTLE, SHY, INTELLIGENT MAN! IT WAS HARD TO BELIEVE HE HAD KILLED THE PERSON HE LOVED MOST...

NO! NO!
PLEASE...

OUR SCENE IS THE LIBRARY AT BLAKELY PENITENTIARY...

THAT'S A FINE BOOK,
STERNS! I'M SURE
YOU'LL ENJOY IT!

YEAH, THANKS,
LADY KILLER!



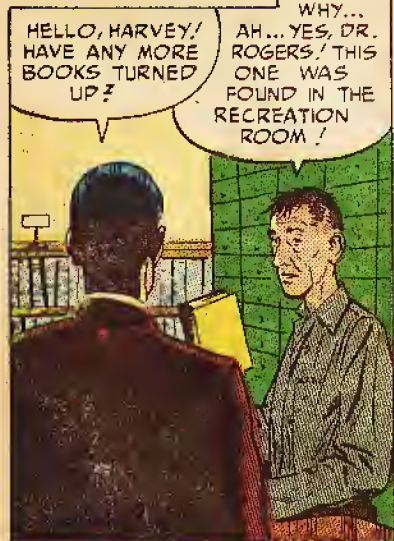
DON'T LET IT BOTHER
YOU, SHEPPARD! STERNS
DIDN'T REALIZE WHAT
HE WAS SAYING!

I DON'T MIND IT, DR.
ROGERS, AFTER ALL,
I *DID* KILL MY WIFE!
THAT'S WHY I'M
HERE!





A FEW DAYS LATER...



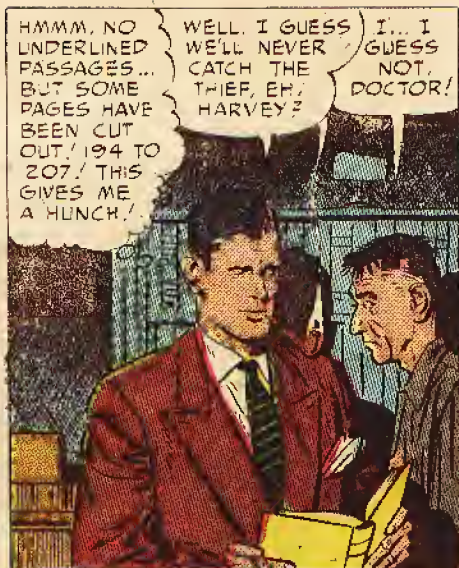
HELLO, HARVEY! HAVE ANY MORE BOOKS TURNED UP?

WHY... AH... YES, DR. ROGERS, THIS ONE WAS FOUND IN THE RECREATION ROOM!



LET ME TAKE A LOOK AT IT, HARVEY!

UH... SURE, DOCTOR!

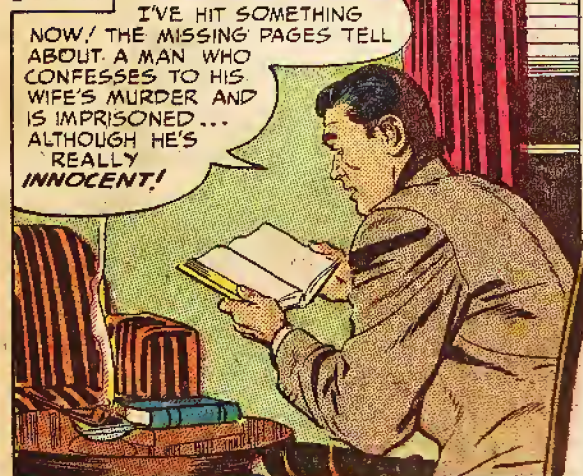


HMMM, NO UNDERLINED PASSAGES... BUT SOME PAGES HAVE BEEN CUT OUT, '194 TO 207.' THIS GIVES ME A HUNCH!

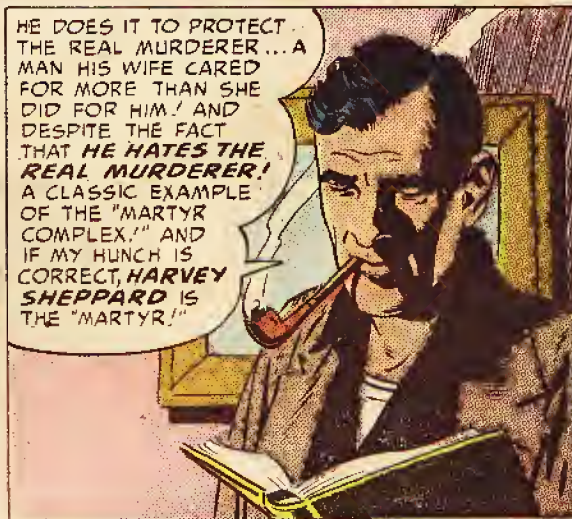
WELL, I GUESS WE'LL NEVER CATCH THE THIEF, EH, HARVEY?

I... I GUESS NOT, DOCTOR!

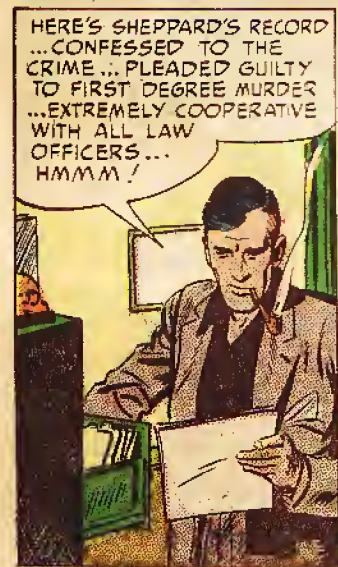
LATER, AFTER OBTAINING ANOTHER COPY OF THE BOOK...



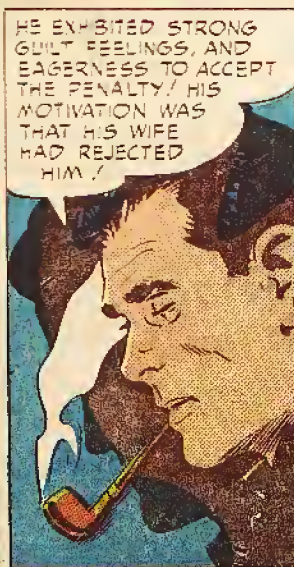
I'VE HIT SOMETHING NOW! THE MISSING PAGES TELL ABOUT A MAN WHO CONFESSES TO HIS WIFE'S MURDER AND IS IMPRISONED... ALTHOUGH HE'S REALLY **INNOCENT!**



HE DOES IT TO PROTECT THE REAL MURDERER... A MAN HIS WIFE CARED FOR MORE THAN SHE DID FOR HIM! AND DESPITE THE FACT THAT **HE HATES THE REAL MURDERER!** A CLASSIC EXAMPLE OF THE "MARTYR COMPLEX!" AND IF MY HUNCH IS CORRECT, **HARVEY SHEPPARD** IS THE "MARTYR!"



HERE'S SHEPPARD'S RECORD... CONFESSED TO THE CRIME... PLEADED GUILTY TO FIRST DEGREE MURDER... EXTREMELY COOPERATIVE WITH ALL LAW OFFICERS... HMMM!



HE EXHIBITED STRONG GUILT FEELINGS, AND EAGERNESS TO ACCEPT THE PENALTY! HIS MOTIVATION WAS THAT HIS WIFE HAD REJECTED HIM!



THAT COMPLETELY PARALLELS THE STORY IN THIS BOOK. TOMORROW I'LL VISIT HARVEY SHEPPARD'S HOME TOWN.

THE NEXT DAY, IN THE TOWN OF ZENITH, AT THE HOME OF JAMES NEFF...

YES, DOCTOR. I WAS HARVEY SHEPPARD'S BEST FRIEND! I'M SURE HE'S INNOCENT!

SO AM I, MR. NEFF! AND IF YOU'LL TELL ME ALL YOU KNOW, PERHAPS WE CAN HELP HIM!



"HARVEY ADORED CORA! THERE WASN'T ANYTHING HE WOULDN'T DO FOR HER! BUT SHE WAS ALWAYS TEARING HIM DOWN, CALLING HIM TIMID AND UNMANLY! AND HARVEY WAS SUPPORTING THE FAMILY, AND THAT INCLUDED CORA'S 'BABY' BROTHER, JACK GILFORD, A NO-GOOD, LAZY RUFFIAN..."

WHERE WERE YOU, HARVEY? YOU'RE FIFTEEN MINUTES LATE!

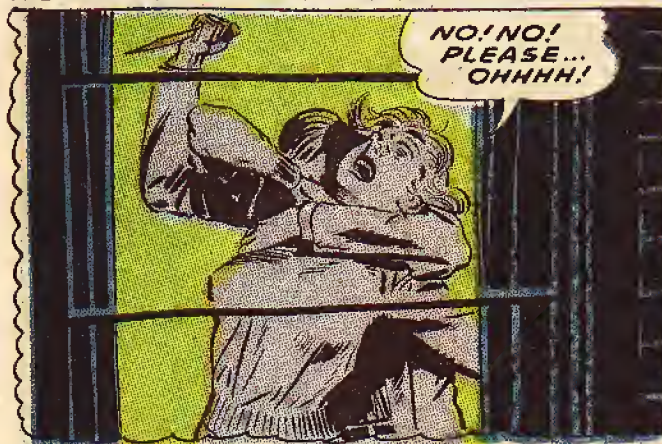
I WAS DETAINED AT THE OFFICE, CORA DEAR! I...

HA, PROBABLY DIDN'T HAVE THE NERVE TO GET UP AND LEAVE!

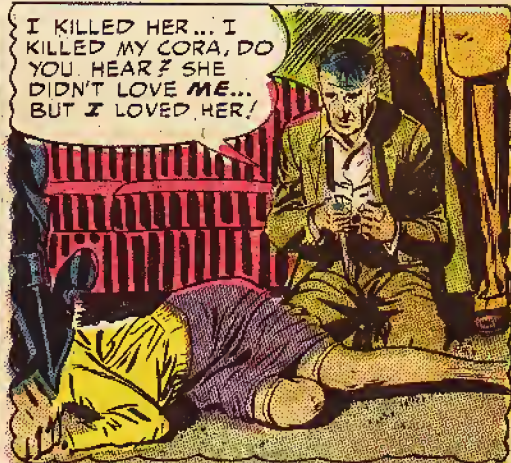


"AND THAT'S THE WAY IT WENT, DOCTOR! DAY AFTER DAY THE SAME TREATMENT! POOR HARVEY! WELL, ONE NIGHT ... IT HAPPENED! I WAS SITTING RIGHT HERE! THERE WAS A SCREAM FROM HARVEY'S HOUSE..."

"WHEN THE POLICE ARRIVED, THERE WAS HARVEY WITH THE MURDER WEAPON..."



I KILLED HER... I KILLED MY CORA, DO YOU HEAR? SHE DIDN'T LOVE ME... BUT I LOVED HER!



JACK GILFORD LEFT TOWN RIGHT AFTER THE MURDER! THE POLICE BELIEVED HARVEY'S STORY AND SENT HIM UP! BUT IF YOU ASK ME, IT'S ALL MIGHTY QUEER!

THAT'S ABOUT IT, DOCTOR! I SURE HOPE YOU CAN HELP HARVEY!

I THINK I CAN, NOW! GOOD-BYE, MR. NEFF, AND... THANKS!



LATER, AT THE ZENITH CITY HALL...



FIND WHAT YOU WERE AFTER, DOC?

YES, THANKS, OFFICER!

SO JACK GILFORD IS DEAD...KILLED IN A BAR BRAWL! NOW TO RETURN TO BLAKELY...

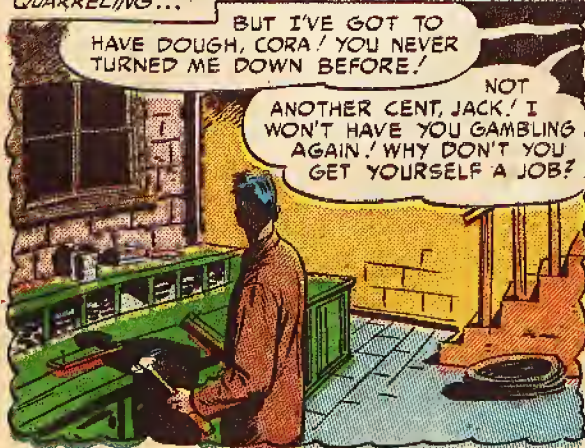
THE NEXT DAY, AT BLAKELY...



YOU SEE, HARVEY, I KNOW YOUR SECRET NOW! SO WHY DON'T YOU TELL ME THE WHOLE STORY!

THE WHOLE STORY? YES, I GUESS I HAVE NO CHOICE NOW!

"I KNEW CORA DIDN'T LOVE ME! I WAS TOO DULL AND TIMID! BUT I LOVED HER SO MUCH I ENDURED ANYTHING...EVEN HER BROTHER! THAT AWFUL NIGHT, I WAS IN THE CELLAR...I HEARD THEM QUARRELING..."



BUT I'VE GOT TO HAVE DOUGH, CORA! YOU NEVER TURNED ME DOWN BEFORE!

NOT ANOTHER CENT, JACK! I WON'T HAVE YOU GAMBLING AGAIN! WHY DON'T YOU GET YOURSELF A JOB?

"THEY ARGUED AND ARGUED...AND THEN JACK LOST HIS TEMPER! HE WAS A WILD ONE! I HEARD THEM STRUGGLING! I RAN UP THE STAIRS..."



CORA! CORA!

"SOMETHING SNAPPED IN ME AS I KNELT BY HER BODY! I HAD FAILED HER AGAIN! WEAKLY! MISERABLY! IT WAS AS IF I HAD USED THE KNIFE MYSELF..."

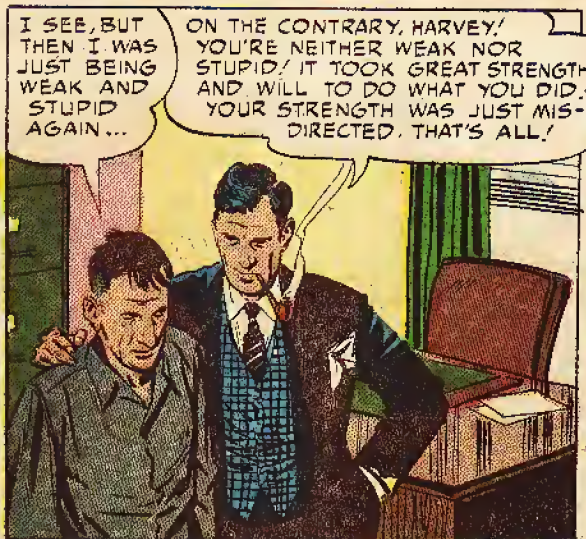
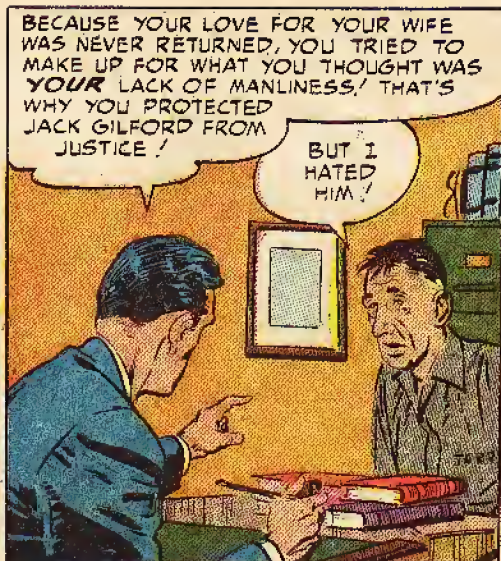


I KILLED HER... IT'S MY FAULT... I KILLED HER! SHE NEVER LOVED ME...

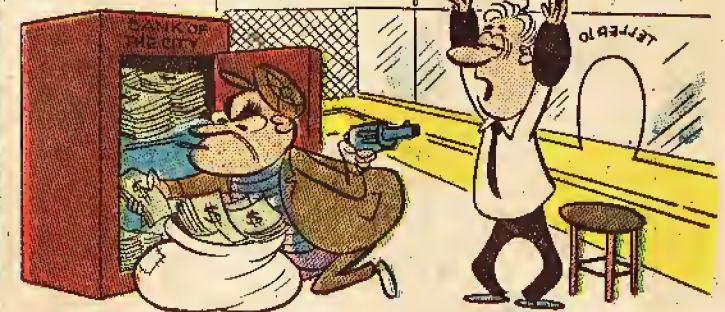
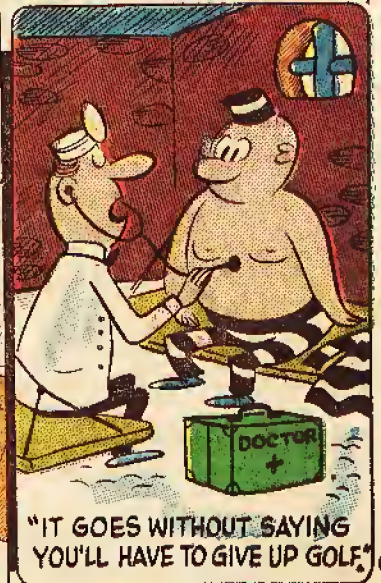
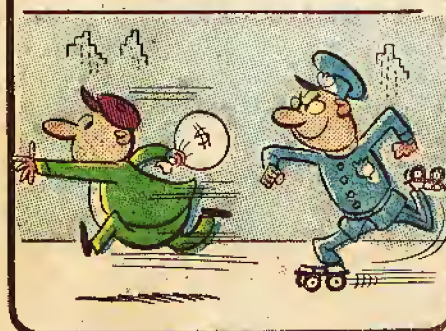
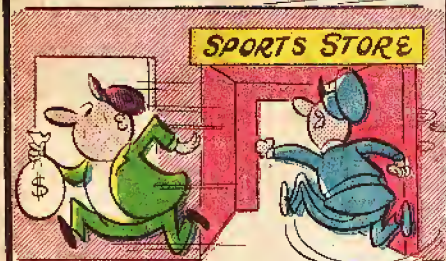
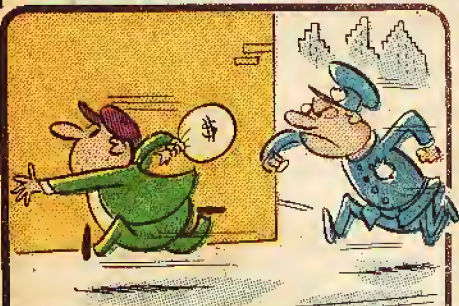
THE REST WAS EASY! I KNEW I WASN'T GUILTY, BUT SOMEHOW I FELT I WAS! WHY DID I DO IT, DOCTOR?

IT'S WHAT WE CALL "MARTYR COMPLEX," HARVEY! YOU WANTED TO PROVE YOURSELF A MAN BY SUFFERING!

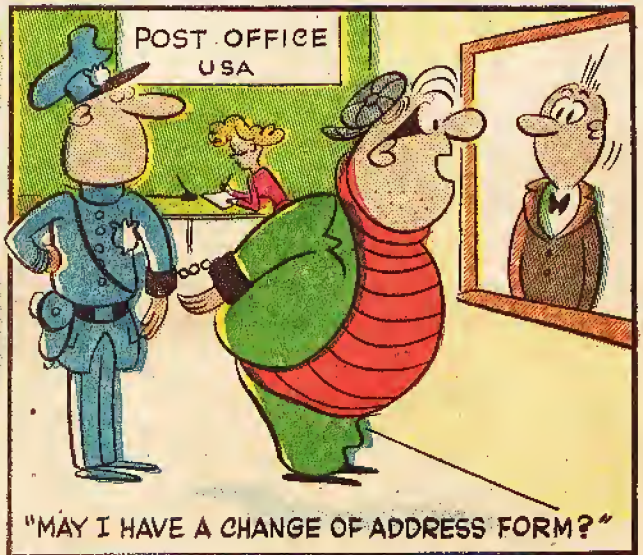




IT'S A CRIME!



"PLEASE, HURRY - WE CLOSE AT THREE SHARP!"



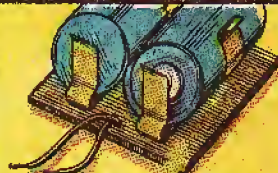
POWERFUL

Look Fellows! Here's The Neatest, Strongest Little Real Electric Motor You've Ever Seen!

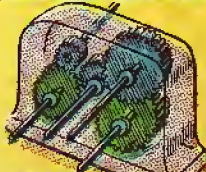
THIS amazing new miniature D.C. Electric Motor looks and runs just like a big one! Yet it's so tiny you can hold it in the palm of your hand. Slickest little power unit ever made to run your model boats, planes, cars, trucks, tractors, trains, drawbridges, cranes, turntables, fans — or whatever else you want to make GO with the tip of a switch! Motor and multi-ratio gear box and gears come to you — ready to purr with smooth power the minute you hook it up! Measures only 1 x 1 x 1 1/4 inches; weighs only an ounce. Turns up close to 7,000 r.p.m.'s! REVERSES instantly, too! Motor is in durable housing. Comes complete with batteries, transparent plastic gear box — PLUS ten extra gears and pulleys for working out your own ratios — up to 80-to-1.



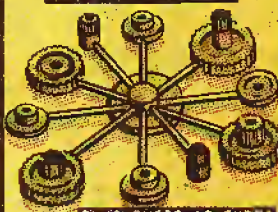
← HERE'S AN ACTUAL SIZE OF the MIGHTY MIDGET



RUNS ON ORDINARY FLASHLIGHT BATTERIES!



MULTI-RATIO PLASTIC GEAR-BOX INCLUDED!



PLUS THESE 10 EXTRA GEARS AND PULLEYS!

ONLY \$2.98

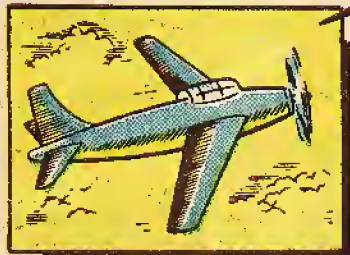
COMPLETE WITH GEARS AND TWO BATTERIES!

SWELL FOR PLANE!

The terrific jet-turbine-like speed of this motor makes it a "horse" for all types of model planes. (When geared down, it will actually turn a standard 8 ft. real airplane propeller!)

NO DANGER OF SHOCKS OR SHORTS

AND NO TRANSFORMER IS NEEDED!



IDEAL FOR MODEL BOATS

So Powerful it will drive boats weighing as much as fifty times as much as the motor itself! Use for Model Submarines, PT Boats, Yachts, Cruisers, Tugs, Liners.



It's Entirely SAFE! It's EDUCATIONAL!
It's More FUN Than a Barrel of Monkeys!

Think of the fun you can have with this brand new all-purpose MIGHTY MIDGET electric motor! Think how many different ways you can hitch it up to run things — with gears, direct-drive, or with pulleys and "belt-drive" arrangements. There's no end to its uses! Be the first in your crowd to own this powerful new MIGHTY MIDGET Motor! You'll be the envy of the gang.

Mail coupon below, NOW, without any money. Or if coupon has already been clipped by someone else before you! simply send **\$2.98** as payment in full for motor and complete outfit sent POSTPAID as described above to Imperial Sales Co., 114 East 47th Street, New York 17, N. Y. Money back if you are not fully satisfied and return outfit in good condition within 10 days.

SEND NO MONEY!

You need send no money with coupon at right. Simply tear or cut out, fill in clearly and mail to address shown. Your MIGHTY MIDGET Electric Motor — complete with two fresh long-life 1 1/2 volt batteries, battery-clip, plastic gear-box fan blade and set of 10 extra gears and pulleys — ALL will be sent you by return mail. When postman delivers it, pay only **\$2.98** plus few cents postage. If not completely satisfied, return it within ten days and your money will be refunded IN FULL! But our supply of MIGHTY MIDGET Motors is limited. So act promptly **MAIL THE COUPON TODAY!**

JUST SHOW THIS AD TO YOUR DAD!

Your father will see at a glance how helpful this real little motor can be in an educational way. You can take it to school for demonstrations in the classroom. SEE the laws of Science and principles of Engineering AT WORK!

**IMPERIAL SALES CO., Dept. 201
114 East 47th Street, New York 17, N. Y.**

Yes! I want one of those new MIGHTY MIDGET Electric Motors, complete with batteries, gears, etc. as described above. Rush me the "whole works" at once. I will pay postman only \$2.98, plus few cents postage, as payment in full!

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

☐ **SAVE POSTAGE!** Check here if you are ENCLOSING \$2.98 as payment in full, in which case we will pay postage. Same money-back guarantee applies, of course!

An Amazing NEW HEALTH SUPPORTER BELT



For men in their 30's, 40's, 50's
who want to

**LOOK SLIMMER
and
FEEL YOUNGER**



**POSTURE BAD?
Got a 'Bay Window'?**



**DO YOU ENVY MEN
who can
'KEEP ON THEIR FEET'?**

and then he got a
"CHEVALIER" . . .



**YOU NEED A
"CHEVALIER"!**

DOES a bulging "bay window" make you look and feel years older than you really are? Then here, at last, is the answer to your problem! "Chevalier", the wonderful new adjustable health supporter belt is scientifically constructed to help you look and feel years younger!

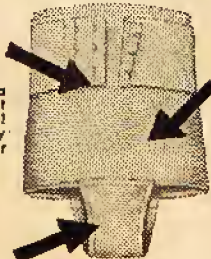
The CHEVALIER

**LIFTS AND FLATTENS YOUR
BULGING "BAY WINDOW"**

Why go on day after day with an "old-man's" mid-section bulge . . . or with a tired back that needs posture support? Just see how "Chevalier" brings you vital control where you need it most! "Chevalier" has a built-in strap. You adjust the belt the way you want. Presto! Your "bay-window" bulge is lifted in . . . flattened out—yet you feel wonderfully comfortable!

FRONT ADJUSTMENT

Works quick as a flash! Simply adjust the strap and presto! The belt is perfectly adjusted to your greatest comfort!



TWO-WAY S-T-R-E-T-C-H WONDER CLOTH

Firmly holds in your flabby abdomen; yet it s-t-r-e-t-c-h-e-s as you breathe, bend, stoop, after meals, etc.

DETACHABLE POUCH

Air-cooled! Scientifically designed and made to give wonderful support and protection!



Healthful, Enjoyable Abdominal Control

It's great! You can wear "Chevalier" all day long. Will not bind or make you feel constricted. That's because the two-way s-t-r-e-t-c-h cloth plus the front adjustment bring you personalized fit. The "Chevalier" is designed according to scientific facts of healthful posture control. It's made by experts to give you the comfort and healthful "lift" you want. Just see all the wonderful features below. And remember—you can get the "Chevalier" on **FREE TRIAL**. Mail the coupon right now!

Rear View
**FITS SNUG AT
SMALL OF BACK**
Firm, comfortable
support. Feels good!

FREE Extra Pouch. The Chevalier has a removable pouch made of a soft, comfortable fabric that absorbs perspiration. So that you can change it regularly we include an extra pouch. Limited offer. Order yours today.

FREE TRIAL OFFER

1. You risk nothing! Just mail coupon—be sure to give name and address, also waist measure, etc. — and mail TODAY!



2. Try on the "Chevalier". Adjust belt the way you want. See how your bulging "bay window" looks streamlined . . . how comfortable you feel. How good it is!



3. Wear the "Chevalier" for 10 whole days if you want 'em! Wear it to work, evenings, while bowling, etc. The "Chevalier" will help you look and feel "like a million" or you can send it back! See offer in coupon!



RONNIE SALES, INC., Dept. 2706-E, 487 Broadway, N. Y. 13, N. Y.

SEND NO MONEY: JUST MAIL COUPON

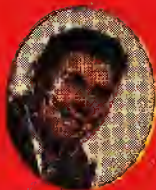
**RONNIE SALES, INC. Dept. 2706-E
487 Broadway, New York 13, N. Y.**

Send me for 10 days' **FREE TRIAL** a CHEVALIER HEALTH-SUPPORTER BELT. I will pay postman \$3.98 (plus postage) with the understanding that includes my **FREE** pouch. In 10 days, I will either return CHEVALIER to you and you will return my money, or otherwise my payment will be a full and final purchase price.

My waist measure is
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BEAUTIFULLY MOLDED PLASTIC
FISH SWIM THROUGH MAGIC LOOP
DECORATES END TABLES, BOOKCASES, ETC.

hello! I'm **SANDY!**
I drink I wet I sleep
and you can
WAVE MY HAIR!

I have RUBBER WONDERSKIN!

TEEN-AGE VALUE!
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REAL COWBOY OUTFIT!

Hey kids — here's your chance to become a master ventriloquist — in a [jiffy] Imagine — you can make **HAPPY THE COWBOY** actually talk! (in your own voice, of course.) Pull the string in the back of his head — watch his lips move — hear your own words coming right out of **HAPPY'S** mouth! See how real he looks — rigged up in a cowboy hat, washable plaid shirt and western pants. . . Show off your skill at parties — at school! **SEND NO MONEY.** (C.O.D. you pay postage. Remit with order, we pay postage.)

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